



BOSTON AMERICAN

WEATHER FORECAST.

Fair and Colder To-night and Tuesday

NIGHT EDITION

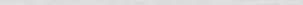
PRICE ONE CENT.

EXPERTS ON WOMAN SLAYER'S SANITY

Dr. W. M. Barton of this city was the first expert for the defence called to the stand.

100

CHICAGO, Nov. 17.—When Edward J. Keenan, attorney at law, told the city of Chicago that he had been indicted by a grand jury for the murder of Mayor Benson and Chief of Police Sloop, he was met by a throng of reporters who had been camped by the city hall for the purpose of interviewing him. Keenan was escorted to the city hall by a police officer, and he was met by a throng of reporters who had been camped by the city hall for the purpose of interviewing him. Keenan was escorted to the city hall by a police officer, and he was met by a throng of reporters who had been camped by the city hall for the purpose of interviewing him.



SACRAMENTO, Cal., Nov. 25.—Yoko, the former Lady Hope, who eloped with Putnam Bradley Strong of New York and went to Japan, is now playing in ten-cent vaudeville theatre here.

[illegible]

THE BOSTON AMERICAN

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, NOVEMBER 25, 1907

SYMPATHY FOR THE MAN IN JAIL

There is Always Plenty of It Until
He Gets Out

he remains FREE and ON GOING TO JAIL that he has daily visitors who come to look after his physical and spiritual welfare, and to be-
seech him to lead a better life after he gets out.

There is no doubt that most jails and all penitentiaries need reform-
ing. In such places the beginner at thievery learns to be a professional.

His treatment brutalizes him. His associates counsel a speedy re-
turn to crime as soon as he has served his sentence. They undertake
kindly to teach him successful methods of making his living dishonestly.

But the well-meaning and earnest persons who compose the prison
reform associations have never bettered these conditions to any notice-
able extent.

And as soon as the prisoner gets OUT—as soon as he is able to
talk to his prison reform friends ON THE SAME SIDE OF JAIL WALLS
—he discovers that all their interest in him is gone.

If he has been confined in a penitentiary, the State gives him a few
dollars and a suit of clothes, and sends him out into the world.

But when he goes to the kindly gentlemen and ladies who have
brought flowers and perfume and mottoes to his cell and asks for as-
sistance they say:

"You are free now, and you can do nothing for you. While you were in
the penitentiary we kept you clean and provided you with elevat-
ing literature. That ought to have reformed you. If it didn't, it is
your own fault, so please do not annoy us any more."

Naturally the former convict is puzzled by this reception. He can-
not understand why the good people who were trying to make his jail
punishment light refuse to save him from the worst punishment of all,
which is the prison taint that makes him an outcast for life.

He possibly tries his best to make an honest living. Failing, he
turns again to crime; and this time he has learned enough about it to
become an accomplished criminal, far more dangerous to society than
when he went to prison—far harder for the police to catch a second time.

This newspaper does not criticize prison reform associations or the
good people who compose them.

They are better employed trying to make SOMETHING better than
in following their own selfish aims and ambitions.

Of course they would be far better employed, and far more useful, if
they took the same interest in HONEST people that they do in criminals.

For example, if half the energy now spent in uplifting the thieves
and murderers and forgers in the jails were bestowed on the unfortu-
nates who have never stolen anything and are trying to live without
stealing, the little iron rooms would have fewer occupants.

Men are not born criminals. A very small per cent. of the so-
called criminal classes deliberately set out to lead lives of dishonesty.

But as long as people are out of jail, however desperate may be
their circumstances, they are not considered worth noticing.

We care for the absolutely helpless, in a cold, heartless fashion.
We clothe, house and feed the criminals. But the very poor have no
prison societies to help them, no place to turn for the little assistance
that might mean happiness to them.

Fortunately humanity is good at heart.

The instinct of honesty is so common that very few of the many
who are tempted turn to crime.

And if the men and women who now busy themselves with these
very few during their period of imprisonment would spend the same ef-
fort helping them back to honesty, they would accomplish nearly as
much good as they could by devoting their lives to working for the hon-
est unfortunates, and allowing the State to take care of the criminals.

Bobbie's Essays

By William F. Kirk

SCIENCE being good, and Pa. is of the two (?)
chable, and my teacher, what do kids, Reily good & near good. The
you know about Science, such as really good kind is wonders, and Pa.
How round is the world. How rich since I. Wait to be A Angel &
high can a balloon go without making good,
dropping, how fast can a automobile. The near good is most of us, Pa.
go without stopping, etc. The best we can do, and, plunging along to do the best we
Not much, I sed, but I will ask Pa., can, eating our trips & paying out all
he will tell me. When I asked him, he was stumped & life with our face in the
what makes the world go around. It saftait, but most of us mean to do
is what tells people whether they have rich, with is the best we can do.
the messes of the mumps, and Pa., & other grates Science, and Pa. is rid-
then they are wrong. It shows people in balloons, up above the stars,
how to pay there rent & git there That is the grand life. Pa. sed, far
cream off of the dumb water before away from the stress of life. What is
sundry stude it.
It tells us how the stars swing around in their course & how the
planets swing close to the stars like a steamboat. Mister Ed, & Missa
landlord hanging around for his rent. Water, the noblest Scientist of them all.
Mister Ed, the best of all the boys, by means of steam, & Mister
Ed, the best of all the boys, by means of steam, & Mister Ed, the best of all the boys,
sed. There is the Science of Jockies, & Missa Eddy and to all the people
How to beat the Harrier, and the Science of Common people. How to beat
the Butterer, etc.
Also, and Pa., there is the Science of Art is long & Time is fleeting,
but being good, Pa. sed. The Science of Art is long & Time is fleeting.

Little Editorials from the People

BOSTON EDITORIAL:
The following poem from "The Student
and the Scholar," John, 1870, on strikingly
its present condition that I should like
to see it before the people.
KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE!
That Earth was made for man!
That flowers were for him,
And fruits were grown,
To show and cheer to him,
That sun and rain,
And corn and grass,
Are yours and mine, my brother!
Free gifts from Heaven,
To use as well as another!
KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE!
That the poor man's God is
The Holy and good
That will not let
The weak, or shame, or red!
We may not be sold
For silver or gold,
Neither you, nor I, my brother!
To use as well as another!

THE DIARY OF ANANIAS!

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"The relentless punishment of high financial pirates steadily continues. I visited the penitentiary yesterday and saw a number
of these rascals brought in. They had just been given the extreme penalty of the law for robbing the people and were immediately
dressed in striped suits and put to work. It is most gratifying to see our laws upheld in this fearless manner!"



THE HIPPO KID

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KENNETT HARRIS

Jimmie Has a Troublesome Time in Trying to
Hold the Affection of the Girl of His Choice

By Kennett Harris

THE portable furnace was gasping in the middle of the kitchen floor and Jimmie, having torn up three boards under the sink and splintered them beyond all hope of relaying, was squatting before his irons, testing them from time to time. Gus sat kicking his heels on the stationary wash tub watching his assistant while he waited for some tools. The job was by the house.
"What's eatin' you lately, Jimmie?" asked the boss plumber, after a minute or two. "You look sick. And what's the use of heating them irons until you get some solder melted for the joint?"
"I guess I am," admitted Jimmie. "I was thinking about that Troy job. I don't believe I want to go. I'm liable to get killed any way before I start. I've got three more guys to lick, and if that ham-fisted Swedish lunk, if the rest is as husky as he was I'd need a week in between each scrap to get into shape. But if I got the whole chunk knocked out, I wouldn't feel any even then."
"Got to lick 'em?"
"What do you want to lick 'em for?" asked Gus.
"I don't want to," answered Jimmie. "But I've got to do it to keep on away from the girl whilst I'm gone. I had it figured out that if I gone, I'd have to go for five or six of 'em afore I left. I don't want to go for ten days, my mind would be easy, but I don't know."
"Ain't you sold with her?" asked Gus.
"No? Oh, I'm sold," replied Jimmie. "Sure I'm sold. But what's the odds? I don't want to go, I don't want to pass the time? I've got a hunch I know. I can't say she'll stay anything, but she won't go down into the block and hide if she puts her mind to it. I'll take a turn around the block and see if she's got any sense. That ain't being led around by a little dog or using a stick to express himself. And me in Troy and not expected back for ten days! I guess you're foolish," commented Gus.
"I know it," said Jimmie. "You'd be foolish too, if you had a girl like her. You can't never tell what's going to happen. It might be all right, and then again it might not. When I first edged in there was a dozen of 'em, and she was afraid of her and she seemed to like it. I didn't, myself. I started out to 'em 'em down."
Playing Freeze-Out
"HEY was playing a little game of freeze-out around her front steps. I didn't play the game myself. First she sat, I'd get up, and she'd stop."